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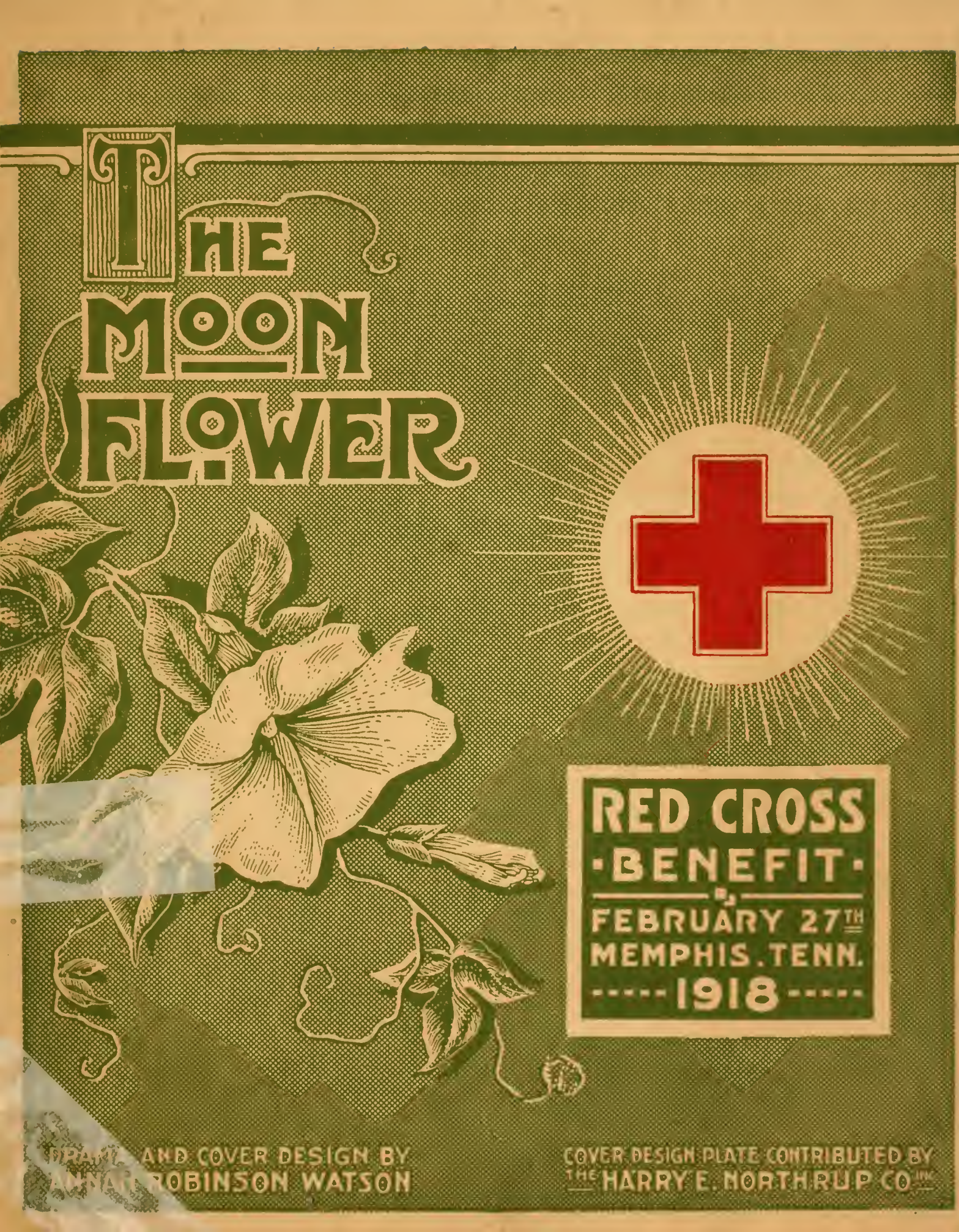
1918

THE MOON FLOWER



RED CROSS
BENEFIT
FEBRUARY 27TH
MEMPHIS. TENN.
1918

TITLE AND COVER DESIGN BY
ANNA ROBINSON WATSON

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THE greatest agency that this world has ever known to help suffering humanity is the Red Cross. I paid for this page to encourage every effort made by the noble, self-sacrificing women of Memphis, whether soliciting advertisements or in the work room, in the home, or in the field. It is for the same grand glorious end, that is, the alleviation of suffering humanity.

A. E. JENNINGS.

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THE MOON FLOWER

Annah Robinson Watson.

RED CROSS BENEFIT.

LYRIC THEATER, WEDNESDAY, AT 2 AND 8 O'CLOCK, P. M., FEB. 27.

Dramatic Director.....Mrs. Edna Robb Moss
Stage Manager.....Mr. W. T. Powell
Directors of the Dancing Groups—
Misses Florence Riley, Irene Sturla and Josephine McDonald.
Princess of Nolande.....Mrs. S. T. Carnes
Coloratura Soprano.
Prince of Luthania.....Sam Wassell
Tenor.
Royal Minstrel.....Dr. C. J. Washington
Regent .....Harrison Crofford
Royal Chamberlain.....M. L. Saunders

PROGRAM—ACT I.

Scene I—Grand Hall of the Palace.

(Enter Regent, Dukes, Duchesses and personal attendants.)

Mesdames R. Brinkley Snowden, J. M. McCormack, Shirley Chism, W. D. Buckner, Roscoe Brown, Irby Bennett, Bolling Sibley, E. G. Willingham, B. F. Turner, E. H. Marnix, Arthur Buchanan, Edmund Wiley, Julian Wilson, R. Fisher, W. H. Barker, R. L. Jordan, Misses Ruby Toombs, Frances Cole, Ruth Fraser Brown.

Enter Prince, Sam Wassell; Royal Minstrel, Dr. C. J. Washington.

Dukes: Richard Henry Lake, James McCormick, V. Asbury, Duke of Normandy.

Orchestra, Ballet Excelsior and Woodland Sketches, by Luders.

Princess of Albion.....Mrs. Hugh Hayley
Envoy.....Mr. Percy Sholars
Pages.....Catherine Hayley and Irvin Leatherman

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Dance—"The Revel of the Roses:"
Misses Valdor McLemore, herald; Elizabeth McLemore, Elizabeth Greer, Louise West, Louise Ganong, Mary Kelly, Ruth Goodman, Ruth Gothard, Annie Morton Stout, Dorothy Friedel, Alice Wells, Lillian Botto.

"Blush Rose" .....Zella Cowden Hall
Director.....Miss Florence Riley
Orchestra—Forest Spirits and Autumn Enchantment.
Princess of the Baltic.....Mrs. Theo. C. Reynolds
Envoy.....James Allen
Pages.....Dorothy Fooshe and Virginia Winkleman

Dance—Interpretation of Chopin's Mazurka Op. 17.
Ruth Jenkins, Frances Perkins, Anatasia Watson, Marie Harrison, Susie White Wilkerson, Mary Clay Tate, Julia Bryan, Nettie Martin, Martha Allen, Ruth Doughty, Vivian Barclay, Will Armstrong.

Director.....Miss Josephine McDonald
Princess of the Nile.....Miss Louise Goltman
Herald .....Martha Jones
Envoy.....W. R. Friedel
Pages.....Peggy Mann and Fannie Hickson

Dance—"Dream of the Lotus"—
Lotus Flowers: Martha Bolling Hicks, Florence Sample, Lyn Black, Mrs. P. M. Busick.

Egyptian Slaves: Lucille Curtis, Grace Wolf, Marguerite Palmer, Elizabeth Christianson, Mildred Deloach, Edith Wright.

Director.....Miss Florence Riley
Orchestra—Rubinstein's "Egyptian Dance" and "Vision of Salome," by Lampe.

Princess of Hispania.....Miss Mary McLemore
Envoy.....Mr. Harry Wardle
Pages.....Mary Fitzhugh and Anne Miles

Dance—"The Cachucha"—
Misses Anna Heller, Willie Perkins, Martha Rice.

Myra Rogers, Elizabeth Sutton, Josephine Gates, Sallie B. Henderson, Elizabeth Henderson, Marion Litty, Mary Louise Pennell, Mabel Martin, Laura Benham.

Director.....Miss Josephine McDonald
Orchestra—"Caprice Espanole," by Moskowski.
"A Noble Daughter of Athens".....Mrs. Henry Hayley
Herald .....Bessie Wardle
Envoy.....Jerome P. Long
Pages.....Laura Goodbar and Anne Fargason

Dance—"The Vision of the Violet"—
Herald.....Gladys Reeves
Gladys Height, Celeste Height, Lucile Burke, Dorothy Turner, Margaret Turner, Edith Mai Enner, Helen Donaldson, Algine Pierotti, Mary Blanke, Ruth Bartholomew, Lucile Wolff.

Princess of the Pyrenees.....Jessie Latham
Herald.....Eldrida Blake
Envoy.....W. D. Gardner
Pages.....Francis Mallory and Fannie Hickox

Dance—"The Legend of the Lily"—
Herald.....Mary E. Blake
Grace Collins, Florence Wood, Clara Schaffler, Alberta Heidengsfelder, Elizabeth Vaccaro, Mary E. Hutchinson.

Director.....Miss Irene Sturla
Orchestra—"Spring," by Williams; Durand's "First Waltz."

The Moon Flower, or Princess of Nolande.....
.....Mrs. S. T. Carnes
Attendants—
"Lady of Dreams".....Mrs. Edward McCormack
"Priestess of the Valley".....Mrs. J. L. McRee
"Mistress Echo".....Miss Dorothy Gilliland
"Maid of the Mountain".....Miss Theresa Bright

Little Green Men of the Woods—
Elizabeth Heidlingfelder, Marie O'Donnell, Marie

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"Song of the Nightingale".....(Luders)
Princess of Nolande, Mrs. Carnes.

Four Winds Quartet—"Barcarolle," "Tales of Hoffman"
Edward Schlosser, Raymond Valley, first and second tenors; Guy Crosnoe, S. C. Mote, baritones.

Chorus.....Members of the Cast
Director.....Edmund Wiley

Struggle Between Outlaws and Palace Guards—
Outlaws: B. D. Funk, V. H. Smith, W. J. Griffith, L. P. Herd, J. B. Hopkins, J F. Harpman, P. Blondel, W. F. Wolkrecht, H. Duval, C. P. Ross.

Palace Guards: C. R. Jacobson, leader; J. C. Elmore, J. L. Dixon, C. A. Holcombe, H. Jamison, Wilson Ivy, F. M Coopwood, W. Simolton.

ACT II.

Scene I—A woodland cavern, to the left of where prince is bound in chains.

Princess of Nolande and attendants appear on the mountain side.

Princess is heard singing "Song of the Nightingale" (Moon Flower Theme). The Royal Minister emerges from a woodland path, and severs the chains that bind the prince.

The prince rushes out to meet the princess, and sings:
"Love Is Mine".....(Gartens)

Next is the beautiful duet:
"Behold the Hilltops All Aglow".....(Dudley Buck)

Princess of Nolande—Prince of Luthania.

Enter Outlaws.

Scene II—Grand hall of the palace. Enter Prince and Royal Minstrel. Palace guards enter with Outlaws and regent in chains.

"Trusting Eyes".....(Gartens)
Prince of Luthania.

Enter Princess of Nolande and "The Lady of Dreams." Prince chooses his bride. All join in royal festivities. The measures of the "Minuet" are heard.

"Minuet".....(Mozart)
Mrs. S. T. Carnes, Mr. Sam Wassell, Mrs. Hugh Hayley, Mr. Percy Sholars, Mrs. Edward McCormack, Mr. John DeGraffenreid, Mrs. Theo. Reynolds, Mr. Jim Allen.

Guests from a distance are announced. Enter

Lady Golden Rod.....Mrs. Ben Parker

Envoy.....Mr. Ewing Carruthers

Audience joins cast in singing "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The End.

Presented by the Entertainment Committee of the Red Cross.

Chairman .....Mrs. S. T. Carnes

Sub-Chairmen.

Music Committee.....Mrs. Theo. C. Reynolds

Program Committee.....Mrs. Hugh Hayley

Ticket Committee.....Mrs. J. O. Flautt

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The Moon Flower

Princess of Nolande

By Annah Robinson Watson.

Copyright, Feb. 25, 1918.

SYNOPSIS.

A drama combining the four forms of emotional expression: speaking, singing, dancing and pantomime. An extravaganza with no limitations of place, peoples, period or things.

Scene

Grand Hall of the Palace.

Orchestra

Enter the Regent, Dukes, Duchesses, Pages, Etc.

Regent:

"Welcome, most welcome, our honored guests and noble ladies and gentlemen of the realm of Luthania. Whether with us by birthright as sons and daughters of the realm, or come to us through bonds of friendship from sister provinces or kingdoms, welcome, and again welcome!"

Regent:

"Would I might declare the welcome as heartfelt from the Prince of Luthania as from myself. The Prince, in whose honor are we all assembled, is self-willed, arrogant, selfish and now declares that displeasure over some petty disappointment may even prevent his appearing upon this august occasion which has been ordered solely in his honor."

(Dukes and duchesses evidence by gestures and facial expression surprise and resentment.)

Enter the Prince of Luthania, personal attendants and the Royal Minstrel.

The Prince, continuing conversation with the Royal Minstrel:

"'I declare unto you, and unto you, worthy Dukes and Duchesses ,I will no longer be a puppet! If this Fete is held in my honor it shall be ordered to pleasure me! Me! The Prince!"

Royal Minstrel, placing a hand on the arm of the Prince:

"Aye, aye, a Prince, but also an untutored boy! The noblest will, untutored, may wreck life and all it holds for him who gives it sway. 'Twas this led the youth Phaeton in his mad drive across the firmament in the chariot of Sol." (Turning to the guests, his hand still upon the arm of the Prince): "Noble guests, I would, in behalf of my Prince, add his welcome to that I am persuaded has already been given by the most exalted Regent of the realm, and I beg to recall to your minds that once in a century, or whensoever all auguries agree, Princesses of other kingdoms are invited to Luthania for a joyous Fete, that from these Princesses the Prince may choose a bride. For this occasion and his coming of age are we now assembled."

Prince, interrupting:

"Aye, most true, good Minstrel, my one only friend in this assembly" (he looks about upon the gathering, an expression of yearning suddenly showing in his eyes), "most true, but why am I disappointed? Why did not the noble, all-powerful Regent (with a tone of sarcasm) see to it that the Princess of Circasia, famed as the most beautiful in all the world, should be present—that she, if no other, should attend my Fete! Why, I ask you, I, the Prince, demand why!"

Royal Minstrel:

"The Prince! The Prince! Give over! What is it to be a Prince?—what, to be of royal race if not to act the part? So pure and fine let all thine actions be

none can deny of royal race art thou! Give over this whim, be thy better, best self. I am clever at penetrating disguises. I have seen through that of the Prince, and I will provide a Princess, who is in truth the most beautiful in the world—young and fair, and altogether lovely!"

The Regent, interrupting and incredulously sarcastic:
"A Princess, and in her own right?—most lordly though nameless wanderer, in her own right?"

The Prince, eagerly:
"And beautiful—and altogether lovely?—only in dreams have I known such an one."

Regent, sharply:
"Of what land?—may I humbly ask."

Prince, impatiently:
"Her name! her name! tell quickly what I would know!"

Minstrel, glancing towards the Regent:
"Worshipful Sir, may it please you, we will say, of Nolande, Princess of Nolande! (turning to the Prince), but what matter her land?—what matter her name? Among those who love her is she called the 'Moon Flower.' Why—because, forsooth, a wanderer passing through tropic meadows found a blossom rare and beautiful which flowered in the moonlight, away from the sunshine of the garden. It was called in that distant country 'The Moon Flower.' A little child, a princess in her own right, but far away from her own, in an alien clime, saw and loved it. From that time was she called the 'Moon Flower.'"

Royal Chamberlain, interrupting, advances and proclaims:
"The Royal guests have entered the palace!"

Orchestra:

(The golden doors are thrown open and a gorgeous group enters as he adds):
"The most royal Princess of Albion! her Herald, Envoy and attendants!"

(The Herald carries a wand tipped with a rose, kneels before the Prince, salutes the assembled company and dances away, being joined by the attendants. These are beautiful young girls whose robes are diaphanous and in pastel shades. The insignia of their Princess is the rose, her costume is garnished with them and her attendants, with garlands of roses, pass into a wonderful dance, "The Revel of the Roses," while the Princess is being presented to the Prince, Dukes and Duchesses. He treats them with scant courtesy, but watches as they interpret the revel of the roses.)

The sun sent his messengers over the hills
To waken the slumbering world,
And into a garden fair they dashed
And the banner of morn unfurled.
And the roses, clasped in the arms of night,
The dwarf and the moss rose, tall,
Each wakened and lifted a dew-crowned head
To welcome the echoing call.

And the pale pink rose and the yellow said,
"We'll win the first kiss of the sun!"
But the red rose answered, "'Tis mine! 'tis mine!
Of all I'm the fairest one!"
And the moss rose threatened, "I'll thrust my thorns
If any should rise in my way,
I'll lift my lips for the kiss of the king
When he opens the door of the day!"

And the roses danced in the wildest delight,
Each claiming the king's first kiss,
They bowed and tossed their petals aloft
That their fragrance he might not miss.
But the blush rose, timidly held aloof

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MEMPHIS, TENN.

And smiled on the eager throng,
While a nightingale, watching from jasmine tree,
Caroled gaily his matin song.

And the roses, in revelry, claiming each,
That she was the fairest of all.
Caught not the first gleam of the rising run
And did not answer his call.
But the blush rose, modestly standing aloof,
With her sweet face turned aside,
And her lips curled up like a Cupid's bow
With the love that she could not hide,

Shared not in the revel of pelting leaves,
Nor the dancing of wild delight,
'Twas she that he saw and bending, kissed,
As he rose in his car of light.

(Just as they complete their dance and pass to a position on the side of the stage.)

The Chamberlain announces:

"The Princess of the Baltic, Herald, Envoy and attendants."

Orchestra.

(Her maidens dance the famous Mazurkour. Insignia the idelweiss.

Chamberlain announces:

"The Princess of the Nile, Herald, Envoy and attendants."

Orchestra.

(Insignia the Lotus. The Princess is presented, leans towards the Prince, holding between her finger tips a lotus blossom. It seems to please his fancy, he reaches for it, but she, with tantalizing gestures, draws back, is surrounded by her attendants, who circle about her as she sings and they interpret, "The Dream of the Lotus"):

A truant Mermaid stole away
From the distant blue, blue sea,
And wandered into a wonderful stream
Where the Sphinx watched constantly.
And the Pyramids all reproving stood,
And frowned in their old, old way
And the Mermaid hid in the wonderful stream,
For she didn't know what to say!

And a Wizard passed, a Mischievous One,
And he listened to the Mermaid's sigh,
And the Wizard smiled as a Wizard would
And winked his whimsical eye.
Then the Mermaid dozing beneath his spell,
As a slumbering blossom lay,
On breast of the stream with petals white,
Not a word had she to say.

And the Pyramids all fell fast asleep,
And the Sphynx, it would not tell,
And the dreaming Lotus, still in its heart,
Bears a secret, the Wizard's spell.

The Chamberlain announces:

"The most Royal Princess of Hispania, Envoy and Attendants!"

Orchestra.

(The Princess of Hispania enters with her Royal Envoy, pages and personal attendants, having been preceded by her Herald. The young girls, her attendants, are in brilliant costume, and during her presentation, dash into the radiant figures of the Cashucha. The historic "Dabimba," is the insignia of their realm and appears in their decorations. This Princess, with each of the others, feels assured that her own glorious appearing and her fascinating retinue, will result in the choice of herself as the bride of the Prince, but he only gazes upon them with a remote interest.)

Chamberlain announces:

"A Noble Daughter of Athens, Herald and Envoy."

Orchestra.

(Her insignia is the Violet, her maidens, in Greek gowns, dance in interpretation, "The Vision of the Violet.")

Chamberlain announces:

"The most royal Princess of the Pyrenees, her Envoy and attendants."

Orchestra.

(Her attendants are decorated, as is she herself, with lilies—pure white, yellow, tiger lily and deep red. They tell in the marvelous mazes of their dance "The Legend of the Lily." The Prince starts toward them, but changes his mind and turns away.)

THE LEGEND OF THE LILY (as interpreted by the dancers).

A chrysalis dozed in his garden bed
And dreamed of the coming day,
And wondered whatever should be his fate—
As a poor little chrysalis may.
Then the sun shone over his garden bed
And whispered, "Come, worm, awake!
For Life is calling aloud at the door,
Awake! awake! awake!"

And the chrysalis crawled from his folding crib
And looked the bright sun in the face,
And cried, "Oh, sun, come help me to rise
And an upward path to trace!"
Then he felt a quiver through all his heart
And a thrill from his head to his feet,
And a throbbing wild as he tried the wings
That were lifted by zephyrs sweet.
As a butterfly, then, with gorgeous wings,
He flew o'er the garden fair,
And kissed the lips of a lily pale
That bloomed near a marble stair.
And down the stair came a maiden sweet,
And her eyes were heavenly blue,
And a knight in armour met her there,
But none in her castle knew.

And the butterfly kissed the lily's lips,
And the knight he kissed the maid,
And the other lilies, watching, smiled
As the lovers near them strayed.
"A wedding there'll be in the Castle Hall,
And a wedding in Flower Land,
The knight and the butterfly grooms," they said,
"And bridesmaids, we will stand"

But the butterfly flew on his silken wings
To another garden fair,
And left the lily that he had wooed
By the shining marble stair.
And the knight he sailed o'er the shimmering seas,
To a maiden he had left,
And the maid who had smiled from her blue, blue eyes,
Was alone, of her Love bereft.

And the tiger lilies all shook their heads
And the orange flushed to red,
For the lily pale, heart-broken lay,
'Midst her sorrowing sisters, dead.

(It is evident that neither the guests nor their diversions have satisfied the Prince. He is restless and impatient, glancing every moment at the great golden entrance.)

(Suddenly a clear, resonant voice is heard singing. The Minstrel advances. The Prince lifts his head, listening, as there comes dancing into the hall, with rhythmic step, a band of little green woodsmen, the bodyguard of the Princess. They carry golden bows and arrows and with laughter and elfish mimicry, form into two lines, leaving an avenue between. The Royal Minstrel passes down this avenue and with grave dignity takes the hand of the Princess, who

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has just appeared. She is petite, her raven locks are crowned with jewels and a cluster of Moon Flowers. These also adorn her robe, which is a shimmering cobweb tissue, glistening with dew drops. Her face is radiant with the glow of youth and joy. Still singing, she advances into the hall.)

(The Prince steps forward eagerly, stands a moment entranced, bows, and stooping, kisses her hand, leads her to stage center, where she finishes her song, then escorts her to a seat upon the raised divan.)

Chamberlain proclaims:

"**The Princess of Nolande.**"

(The Retinue of the Princess has entered the hall, and each member, bowing to the Regent and assembled guests, takes a position in the forefront of the stage.)

(Retinue includes the Lady of Dreams, Mistress Echo, Maid of the Mountain, Priestess of the Valley, the North, South, East and West winds.)

Regent, advancing:

"It would appear that the Princess of this unknown land, Nolande, scorns the services of Herald or Envoy. Who then stands to speak in her behalf?"

Lady of Dreams:

"I, most worshipful Sir, I, the Lady of Dreams."

Regent:

"Lady of Dreams! most surprising name, and, also, I take it, of Nolande?"

Lady of Dreams:

"Aye, Sir, most august Regent, Nolande, but of a truth my kingdom may be said to embrace the entire Universe. I claim the whole."

Regent:

"Most surprising! and you belong to the retinue of the Princess?"

Lady of Dreams:

"I am her closest friend, her constant companion. I have filled her mind with beautiful dreams, with high imaginings, with all the sweet and joyous visions which are floating on every breeze for those who beckon and welcome them. No dream is more beautiful than life may be!"

Regent:

"Surprising! most surprising!"

Lady of Dreams:

"But verily true. Dreams may become realities, realities as beautiful as dreams. I mind me of one glorious dream of the Future which lies yet concealed in the mystic recesses of Time. It has much engrossed us as we wandered upon dim forest paths leading to the heights. A dream in which I saw thrones topple, kingdoms sway and fall, principalities shrink to nothingness and heard a mighty chorus of voices, people's voices, peoples of the whole earth, crying in notes of swelling joy, 'The Chariots of the Lord of Hosts are upon the mountain tops! One King! One People! His people throughout all the earth.' "

Regent catches his breath and turns pale.

"Most surprising! truly most surprising!"

Lady of Dreams:

"Only a dream, worshipful sir, only a vision, but stranger than this have come true!"

Regent, visibly moved, turns to another standing near, who has entered with the retinue.

"And, may I ask, do you also come from this strange country?"

Mistress Echo:

"I?—of a truth, yes—Mistress Echo, by your leave, but I too am known the whole world over. I have kept near to the Princess of Nolande, our fair Moon Flower, and have had my share in her upbringing. Many days I have stood upon the hillside to repeat to her the words that curved her beauteous lips, that she might know the message they carried could not be changed. That once spoken, they could not be recalled. I have taught her that all of life is little other than our own echo."

Regent:

"Most surprising! and **you?**"—looking upon the next fair face.

Maid of the Mountain:

"The mountain mists have colored my robe, a cleft in the mountain side has been my habitaiton, but my beloved dwelling place has been the top of the mountain, where the sun lingers longest and the shadows may not stay. 'Tis I have shown our Princess that however the mists may gather, there is ever a place of sunshine on the Heights!"

Priestess of the Valley:

"And I, most noble sir, Priestess of the Valley, have taught our Princess to smile upon the humble, lowly, things not to pass unnoticed the dew hanging as jewels on tender moss and grasses. This has been my share in her upbringing."

Regent:

"Truly a most surprsing company of instructors!" (Aside), "Scarcely suited, I would take it, to fit their pupil for life at Court!"

Lady of Dreams:

"Pardon, august sir, that your words reached me. I would answer that for the highest Court is she fitted! high thoughts, high purposes, recitals of high and noble deeds have filled her every moment. So should every soul be trained!—and these, the four winds of heaven have had their share. Her wondrous voice by them was tutored to speak through finest harmonies of sweet sounds. Listen as the song of the winds, North, South, East and West, swells to a mighty chorus!"

Orchestra.

(This quartette sings, then is joined by voices of others on the stage. The singers sway with the measure, and, as moved by a single impulse, form a procession. The circuit of the hall has been reached, when)

Captain of the Royal Guard rushes in, crying:

"The Prince! the Regent! danger! fly! fly!"

(All in confusion. The Prince resigns the Princess to the Royal Minstrel and hastily follows the Captain. Guests fly through various exits. The Prince suddenly pauses as a band of outlaws dash into view. The Royal Guard rush to the rescue, but are overpowered and with the Prince are hound and dragged from the stage.)

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SCENE, WOODLAND, CAVERN TO EXTREME LEFT.

(In the cavern the Prince is seen, chains on ankles and wrists. Group of outlaws leaving with derisive laughter.)

Leader of Outlaws:

"Aha! proud Prince of Luthania! long have I waited, but today the old wound, festering here, is healing! (strikes his breast), be assured we meet again!"

(The Prince rises to his feet with desperate effort, but sinks back to the rude seat, where his captors had left him.)

Prince:

"Today! yesterday! the same world?—no, no—the same sun?—there is no sun! Yesterday a Prince, today a slave! Yesterday a Prince?—ah, no, the thrall of passion, of pride, of selfishness. Today not accounted in the world at all, gone like a falling star, a meteor to return no more, no more. Oh, for another day, a day in which truly to live! Oh, God! for another day!"

(A voice is heard singing. He tries to reach the entrance of the cavern. The chains hold him. He hears, but cannot see the Princess of Nolande, Lady of Dreams, Mistress Echo, and other members of the retinue as they come down the mountain side. The Princess continues her song and they pass from view. Suddenly the Royal Minstrel emerges from another woodland path, reaches the cavern, starts back in surprise, crying)

Minstrel:

"The Prince! the Prince, and a captive!"

Prince:

"A Prince yesterday, but not a prince today."

Minstrel:

"Not a prince?—then, better still, a man!"

Prince:

"Aye, a man, if but permitted to play a man's part!"

Minstrel, aside:

"A plot of long brewing, if I mistake not," then to the Prince, "I return to Luthania on the moment. You will remain here. It is better so."

Prince:

"And in chains?—my friend, in chains?"

Minstrel:

"Aye, but only in appearing." (Takes tools from his pouch and wrenches apart a link in each chain.) "See to it that this be not discovered by the outlaws. I will return so soon as my purpose is accomplished." (Crosses open space in the forest and disappears. Prince, sitting in attitude of dejection, sings or recites.)

There is no gloom in Life's fair room
If Love's sun rise!
There is no night if shines the light
From love-lit eyes.

But if Love's bound by fetters round,
In prison low,
Then deepening gloom fills Life's fair room—
Ah, well I know!

Oh, Love, that lives by what Love gives,
How sad thy fate,
When comes no sign and thou must pine
And hopeless wait!

(Pauses, suddenly struggles to his feet. The song sung by the Princess of Nolande when she entered the palace, is echoing through the forest. He loosens the chains, reaches the entrance of the cavern, stands spellbound. The Princess is coming slowly down the woodland path, he starts toward her, the song dies on her lips, a frightened look comes into her eyes, then an expression of glad surprise as she hastens toward him. He bows humbly, reaching both hands to her, and exclaims):

Prince:

"Oh, fairest, rarest on whom these eyes have rested, oh, bid me hope that were it not for these, these cruel chains, I might dare to kneel at your feet a suppliant!"

(She turns away and he continues) "You will not listen to my plea?—You will not wed a prince?—Oh, Fate, evil Fate, that made me a Prince!"

They sing duet.

(Sounds of approaching footsteps are heard, he cries.)

Prince:

"Fly! fly! the outlaws!"

(She draws closer to him for an instant, touches his chains compassionately and stands in the entrance as to bar the intruders. He springs forward imploring):

Prince:

"Fly! Oh, fly! I beseech you!"

CURTAIN.

SCENE: GRAND HALL OF THE PALACE—ENTER THE PRINCE AND MINSTREL.

Minstrel:

"Welcome, welcome home again, Prince of Lutahnia! The outlaws and arch traitor are even now prisoners within the Palace grounds!"

(Enter the Palace Guards with outlaws and Regent in irons.)

Prince, starting to his feet:

"The Regent! the Regent! I should have known him long ago!"

Regent (aside):

"I might also have known. Did not the Sibyl declare him, the Minstrel, my evil star!"

Prince, to the Chamberlain:

"Seek out all our guests, nothing shall be done in secret. Witnesses were they all to my discomfiture, witnesses shall they be to his undoing!"

(Chamberlain leaves the Hall and dukes, duchesses, princesses return.)

Prince:

"Princesses and nobles, all our gracious guests, I do implore pardon from the largess of your kindly hearts. I was a boy, and a misguided boy. I am a man, and so help me God, I will reach the stature of a noble man. Your pardons, each and all!"

(All bow, smile and manifest satisfaction.)

Prince:

"Before you is the one time Regent, Regent no more, and proven a dastardly traitor! Shortly will he receive his deserts. Royal Minstrel, speak for us."

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Minstrel:

"In the cause of justice will I speak, I, who for so long a time have held my peace."

(He tears off his disguise, long hood and iron gray beard. The Regent starts visibly, exclaiming aside)

Regent:

"Aha! Royal Minstrel indeed!"

Minstrel:

"I see that the Regent remembers!"

Several of the elder Dukes and Duchesses:

"As do we!" (Smiling in surprise at the Minstrel, one of the dukes comes to his side, grasping his hand warmly.)

Minstrel, bowing to them:

"The truth must be told briefly. The Princess Olga, heir to the realm of Luthania, eighteen years agone, wed the Duke of Milan. A little child, a daughter, was born to them. That serpent (motioning towards Regent), plotting for personal aggrandisement, accomplished the banishment of the Princess Olga. The Duke of Milan, seeing no seat upon the throne for him basely deserted the Princess and their little child. The Princess sought refuge in a distant castle, where she shortly died. The Regent, become so by devilish deeds, placed the next in line on the throne, a boy whom he has endeavored to make obnoxious to his people that he might in turn be dispossessed and the Regent be declared the king of Luthania. The little child, daughter of the Princess Olga, is before you. The boy, the Prince, is before you. She, a princess in her own right, though called the Princess of Nolande."

(Dukes and Duchesses gaze about them in wonder and whisper to each other.)

Minstrel:

"But the Princess refuses the royal estate rightly her own, and thus, the Prince, as we have known him, becomes our rightful lord and master."

Prince:

"So royal a gift could come only from a royal donor, and must be considered in a spirit of royal humility. I do now, in the presence of you all, most humbly beseech her, as I have already done in private, when both were ignorant of this unfolding, to become my bride, and so, doubly, the Princess of Luthania.

(The Princess turns to the Lady of Dreams, evidently answering in the negative.)

Lady of Dreams:

"Oh, most worshipful company, this noble Princess doth forswear the high estate to which she is called. Thrones may crumble and empires fall, but this pronouncement of her will endures. The intrigues, the falsities, the cruelties of a Court are not for her."

The Prince:

"Then neither are they for me—Oh, Princess, relent, here, now, I cast away my crown, my throne, baubles both. For you, for my people, will I live, if need be in humblest obscurity, but with so high a purpose no throne could elevate, no title ennoble. To the nurturing of a glorious brotherhood, the dream of sages and prophets, will I consecrate my powers. Service shall be my watchword, my aspiration."

(He goes nearer, but the Princess makes no reply.)

Lady of Dreams:

"Oh, Princess, remember, remember, that fair morn upon the mountain top, when, in a vision I saw the

dawning of a new day when thrones would crumble and kingdoms fall! Oh, my Princess, be 'obedient unto the vision.' Lead Luthania on the upward way into the new day! Lead on! lead on!"

(The Princess takes a step toward the Prince, he clasps her hand, lifts it to his lips rapturously and taking the insignia of Luthania from his breast, elevates it and placing it upon her breast, exclaims)

Prince:

"In the sight of God and of all peoples! Princess in her own right! Noblest lady of Luthania!"

Chamberlain:

"Hear! hear, all! The Prince of Luthania has chosen his bride! The Princess of Nolande! The marriage will shortly be solemnized, the honorable guests will join us in royal festivities!"

Orchestra.

(Rythmic measures are heard, the Prince and Princess lead in a stately dance.)

Chamberlain announces:

"Guests! guests! from a distant country, long delayed in their coming. The Lady Golden Goldenrod, and her envoy!"

(A clear bugle call is heard).

(The last step in the dance is being taken. The Lady of Dreams pauses, eyes and arms suddenly uplifted, exclaims):

Lady of Dreams:

"The Vision! the Vision! Centuries have swept us by! The dream has come true! Behold! Behold!"

(Groups retain positions as in the dance. Enter a tall martial figure, wearing a military cloak, which conceals the costume beneath, following him are two khaki-clad attendants, one carries a slender golden staff, tipped with a shining eagle, the other a bugle. With him enters the Lady Golden Rod, clad in a loose robe of cloth of gold, the tint of the morning sunshine caught as she passed through the dawn of the new day. They salute the Prince and his courtiers, then pass to the footlights, the military cloak is thrown aside and the national uniform is revealed, the staff is lifted aloft and the Star Spangled Banner ripples above the head of the Lady Golden Goldenrod. The sunshine mantle falls from her shoulders, and she stands in the glorious robe of which stripes of red and white sweep to the floor and the blue bodice of which glows with the stars of the national firmament.)

Orchestra:

(Lady Golden Goldenrod sings two verses of the "Star-Spangled Banner," then the cast and audience join in the anthem.)

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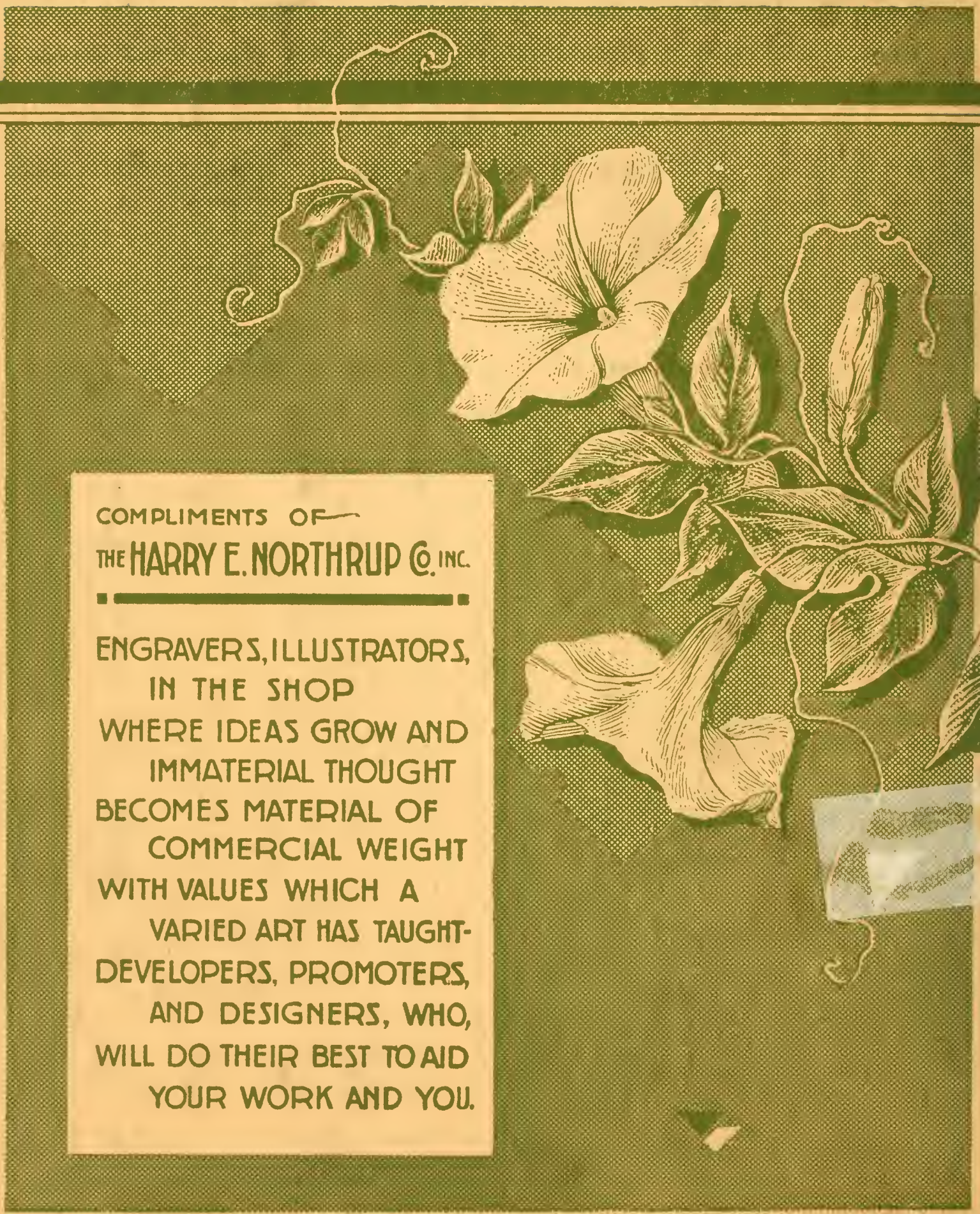

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